

# FAIR HARVARD.

AIR.

1. Fair Har - vard! thy sons to thy ju - bi - lee throng, And with bless - ings sur - ren - der thee  
 2. To thy bow'rs we were led in the bloom of our youth, From the home of our in - fan - tile  
 3. When as pil - grims we come to re - vis - it thy halls, To what kind - lings the sea - son gives  
 4. Fare - well! be thy des - ti - nies on - ward and bright! To thy chil - dren the les - son still

o'er, . By these fes - ti - val rites, from the age that is past, To the  
 years, When our fa - thers had warned, and our moth - ers had prayed, And our  
 birth! . Thy shades are more sooth - ing, thy sun - light more dear, Than de -  
 give, . With free - dom to think, and with pa - tience to bear, And for

age that is wait - ing be - fore. . . O rel - ic and type of our  
 sis - ters had blest, thro' their tears; . . Thou then wert our par - ent, the  
 scend on less priv - i - leged earth; . For the good and the great, in their  
 right ev - er brave - ly to live. . . Let not moss - cov - ered er - ror moor

an - ces - tor's worth, That has long kept their mem - o - ry warm, First  
 nurse of our soul, We were mould - ed to man - hood by thee, Till  
 beau - ti - ful prime, Thro' thy pre - cincts have mu - sing - ly trod; As they  
 thee at its side, As the world on truth's cur - rent glides by; . Be the

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flow'r of their wil - der-ness! star of their night! Calm ris - ing thro' change and thro' storm!  
 freight-ed with treas-ure-thot's, friendships, and hopes, Thou did'st launch us on Des - ti - ny's sea.

gird - ed their spir - its or deepened the streams That make glad the fair cit - y of God.  
 her - ald of light and the bear - er of love, Till the stock of the Pu - ri - tans die.

## THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

Lady NAIRNE.  
 AIR IN 2D TENOR.  
*Cantabile.*

1. I'm wear - in' a - wa', John, Like snaw - wreaths in thaw, John, I'm
2. Our bon - nie bairn's there, John, She was baith gude and fair, John, And oh!
3. Sae dear's that joy was bought, John, Sae free the bat - tle fought, John, That sin -
4. Oh haud ye leal and true, John, Your day is wear - in' thro', John, And

wear - in' a wa' To the land o' the leal. There's nae sor - row there, John, There's  
 we grud'd her sair To the land o' the leal. But sor-row's sel wears past, John, And  
 fu' man's e'er brought To the land o' the leal. Oh, dry your glist'nin' e'e, John; My  
 I'll wel - come you To the land o' the leal. Now fare ye weel, my ain John, This

nei - ther could nor care, John, The day is aye fair In the land o' the leal.  
 joys a com - in' fast, John, The joy that's aye to last In the land o' the leal.  
 saul langs to be free, John, And an - gels beck - on me To the land o' the leal:  
 ward's cares are vain, John, We'll meet and we'll be fair In the land o' the leal.

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